

## Home Circle.

### CHILD AND MOTHER.

O mother, my love, if you'll give me your hand  
And go where I ask you to wander,  
I will lead you away to a beautiful land—  
The dreamland that's waiting out yonder.  
We'll walk in a sweet posie garden out there  
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,  
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air  
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.  
There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,  
No questions or cares to perplex you;  
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,  
Nor patching of stockings to vex you.  
For I'll rock you away on the silver dew stream  
And sing you asleep when you're weary.  
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream  
But you and your own little dearie.  
And when I am tired I'll nestle my head  
In the bosom that's soothed me so often,  
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead  
A song which my dreaming shall soften.  
So, mother, my love, let me take your dear hand  
And away through the starlight we'll wander—  
Away through the mist to the beautiful land—  
The dreamland that's waiting out yonder.

—Eugene Field.

### FROM SIX TO TWENTY.

Girls Look Only on the Bright and Pleasing Sides of Life.

A young man addresses to Edward W. Bok the query: "Why is it that in so many cases, I might almost say the majority of cases, a quiet, well-behaved, earnest-minded, religious young man's seriousness is ignored by so many girls [between sixteen and twenty], and the company of giddy, idle, senseless youths preferred?" and in the July *Ladies' Home Journal* editorial reply is made. Mr. Bok contends that girls at that age take few things seriously, and are not given to looking upon the serious side of life; that only the bright, pleasant side attracts them. "It is only natural that to a girl of such an age the young man of bright conversation, flippant and meaningless though that talk may be, has an indefinable attraction. She would far rather have it that he can dance well than that he can recite Emerson to her. It is the dancing time of her life, and not the Emersonian period. She is apt to notice a man's clothes more than his character. She likes the man better who pays her a pretty compliment than the one who says something serious. \* \* The young man who pays her graceful attentions is pleasing to her: she does not seek to penetrate beyond the mere compliment. And why should she? Young men are simply one form of her amusement: she does not take them any more seriously than she does anything else. The young man of presentable appearance, who dresses well and has a command of the talk of society, is her girlish Jack-in-the-box. The more

attention he pays her, the more he flatters her, the better she is apt to like him. The earnest young man who has ambition, who studies and learns, whose talk is sensible rather than light, is a bit tiresome to her. She may admire his high purposes as far as she can grasp them. She may respect him. But if she is going to a party she does not want his company. She passes him for the other fellow who is graceful in the dance. And is she to be blamed or to be censured for this? Not a bit of it. While she is a girl she does as a natural, healthy girl should: she lives her years of enjoyment and gets as much pleasure out of them as she can. For this she is a girl. But if he will watch her after she counts her years with the figure two he will observe that slowly but surely a process of gradual development takes place in the girl whom he believed to be without thought or reason. And equally sure will be his discovery that the companion of her dances is not so eagerly welcomed by her as once he was. He will then gradually discover that the girl is not the light-minded butterfly that he thought her to be. She becomes interested in other things: conversations which bored her a year or two earlier now begin to have some meaning for her. She begins to regard the internal value of things. She looks at young men from a different standpoint. The young man who can simply dance well does not represent the same thing to her. She begins to look for something else in the young men who come to her. The woman is simply begun to develop; the girl is ceasing to be."

### HELPING ONE ANOTHER.

How different the world would be if only we would determine to help somebody that needed it every day; a neighbor, or a visitor, or a friend in trouble. We do not help one another enough in this life. Self is predominant. Every now and then I take on new inspiration, by seeing some self-sacrificing, noble soul doing good, "living one's religion," as I heard said about a friend a few days ago. She found so many little things to do for people. If she went to sit an hour with a friend, she found work to do, took her thimble, needle, and if that friend had a basket full of waists made, ready for the button holes, she insisted upon her letting her work them, while she sat and talked, and what a help to that delicate mother, with three or four little ones to sew for. Little things, you say. Yes, but that is what we need to do, and do them now, not sit dreaming. If you have a better, quicker way of doing a thing, one that will help a friend, make it your business

to tell that friend of it. We often know a good thing but are indifferent to helping others with it. I recall a friend who was like a ray of sunshine in a darkened room. She was never officious, always gentle, courteous, using tact in dispensing her good works. The sick loved to have her come, as did the well ones; her neighbors within five squares of her, knew of her little acts of kindness, she found out the weary, sad at heart, the discouraged ones. There are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, and such long days to some; if we can make them shorter, help some one every day, in a year we have done good work; it may be just little things, but they will count.—Sara H. Henton.

### A UNIQUE RING.

During Queen Elizabeth's reign she was presented with a very unique ring. It was a plain gold circle, with a silver penny used for an ornament in the place of a precious stone. The wonderful part about this penny was inscribed upon its surface in writing, probably unparalleled in its minuteness, for there, in an exquisite miniature hand, were executed the Lord's Prayer, the creed, the decalogue, with two short prayers in Latin, a name, motto, day of the month, year of the Lord, and reign of the queen (Elizabeth.) It was covered with a fine crystal set in borders of gold. The writing was so plain as to be easily legible to the naked eye. Peter Bales, one of the first to invent and introduce methods of shorthand writing in the year 1575, executed the work on this penny, and presented it to the queen at Hampton Court.—*Harper's Young People*.

### BURNS' LOVE FOR HIS WIFE.

A Sad Waste of Popular Sympathy for "Highland Mary"

"Burns has been hotly assailed," writes Arthur Warren in presenting "The Other Side of Robert Burns" in July *Ladies' Home Journal*, "because of his alleged indifference to his wife [Jean Armour,] but the fact is he was ardently fond of her. Jean was true to him, and his true affection never really turned from her. Jean worshiped him—literally worshiped him. And when we study her devoted life we must agree that there must have been much that was admirable in the character of a man who was adored by so true a woman. Burns' biographers have paid too scanty attention to all this. There is no use in apologizing for the defects of Bobbie's life, but there is such a thing as insisting too heavily upon them. \* \* Too much has been made in the thousand stories of Burns' life of the